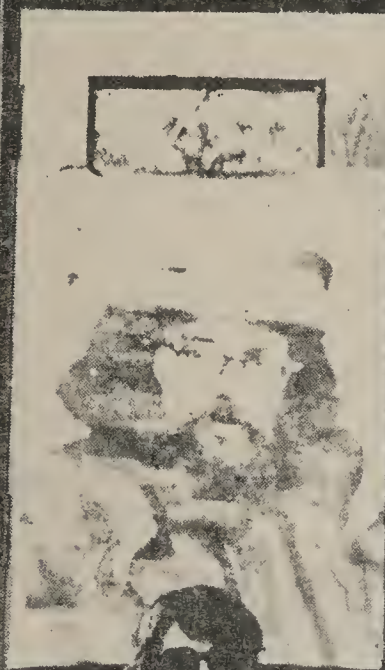


PULSE

NOVEMBER
1967

E-ME

XAVIER



PULSE

Vol.5, No.2

November 1967

PULSE is the literary product of the philosophy students of Xavier Hall, Saint Joseph's College, Rensselaer, Indiana, published whenever they get enough material to make it worth printing. PULSE aims to spread the news, opinions, and humor of Mongieville to the students themselves and to all readers. Yearly subscription, 1.25

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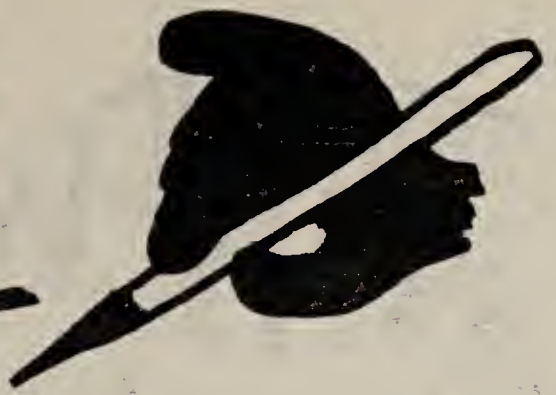
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EDITORIAL

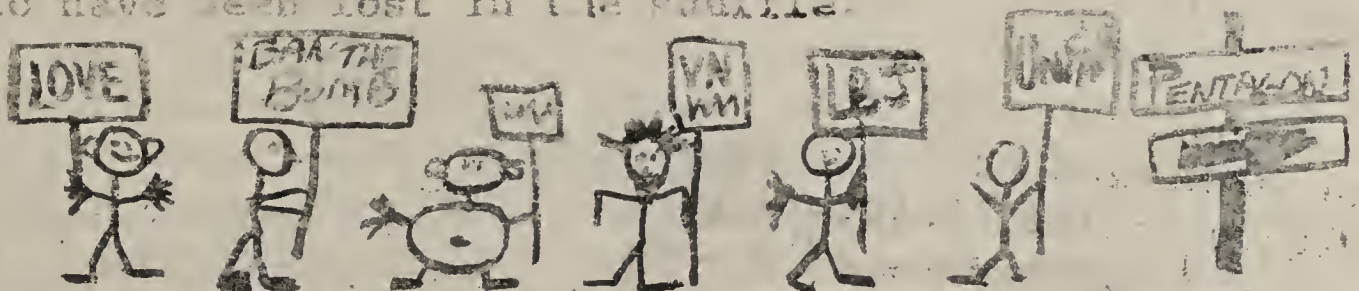


Many times we Americans forget how lucky we really are. We are the most fortunate people in the world today and probably in the entire history of mankind.

Not only do we have a roof over our heads, clothes and plenty of food, but also we have the opportunity to get an education and the freedom to express our beliefs.

Still the United States is one of the most troubled countries in the world. A lot of people wonder how this can be. A number of complex reasons are given, none of which apply fully. Our biggest problem today is a lack of respect.

Many Americans think they are always right and the government is always wrong. They feel that it is their duty to rebel against "unfair" laws. There are all sorts of protests, but where on earth are the solutions? They seem to have been lost in the shuffle.



A similar situation exists in the seminary. Often we don't agree with the authorities' opinions and rules. What we need to follow "unfair" orders is respect. Often it is very painful, but perhaps it is part of the price one must pay in a training program.

Just like the protests in front of the White House, gripe sessions are held every day in the locker rows. Some "unbearable" rules are constantly in focus. Goodies are brought up from the past. The gloomy future is always being penetrated in these "bull" sessions. There are protests against protests, all with no conclusions.

Before you begin to complain next time, ask yourself if you have a genuine solution to that which you are protesting.

THE NEW XAVIER HALL

Picture Adam and Eve gombling through the many splendored Garden of Eden, occasionally stopping to sniff at the heavenly fragrant gladiolas or to pat a friendly passing boar head. Then envision Saint James the Less preaching the "Good News of Salvation" to a mob of iggnorent rabel. Think of our own Saint Gaspar hearing confessions and leading a Precious Blood Study Group at the same time. Consider the lovable but ugly Abraham Lincoln wearily signing the Emancipation Proclamation at his new home in the suburbs of D. C. Now imagine all these fine souls transported to Boarwinkle Park in San Francisco on a wimpy Thursday afternoon.

"Well, PICKLE MY SWEAT SOCKS! Them's the wierdest slew of Hippies since the Cleveland Pole Vaulters' Convention."

Throughout our great nation the Hippies have emerged and submerged as the newest and wildest bargain-basement culture since Existentialism. From all forty-nine states and Indiana, the beer-bold "flower children" (or as Baillmann would call them "Die Blumen Kindern") have stood up and let themselves be counted. Soaplessly showered in a hail of abuse and criticism, and sometimes bad words, these staunch troops defend their rights to be unusual, underfed, underclothed, underwashed and



hippy-happy. Howemsoever even the elements conspire against them. Cutting winds, bone chilling dampness and falling temperatures drive once happy, hairy, Hippies home. As the intrepid explorer, Admiral Richard Byrd, said on arriving at the South Pole, "It is very cold,"

Fortunately for the movement there is one cluster of Hippy Proselytes who do not wobble on home when it gets cold. This idyllic site of good fellowship and licentious leisure living is known inauspiciously as THE NEW XAVIER HALL. Led by the cabalistic Midrash Maharish Shankar Seely and the crapulous "Truth and Light" Craig (outfitted of course by Steckee the Clothier and under the divine guidance of Guru Greer) Xavier Hall now stands, more or less, as the ultimate entrenchment of all that is hipp.



Xavier's sudden sway towards modernism is no doubt influenced by the advent of brown shoes, the canning of cassocks, and the substitution of Old Testament Greek by New Testament Greek. But most probably the change took place when last year's Sophomores took their Lawrence Welk records and (old) Xavier Hall sweatshirts to the novitiate and the new Freshmen arrived with forty-six guitars.

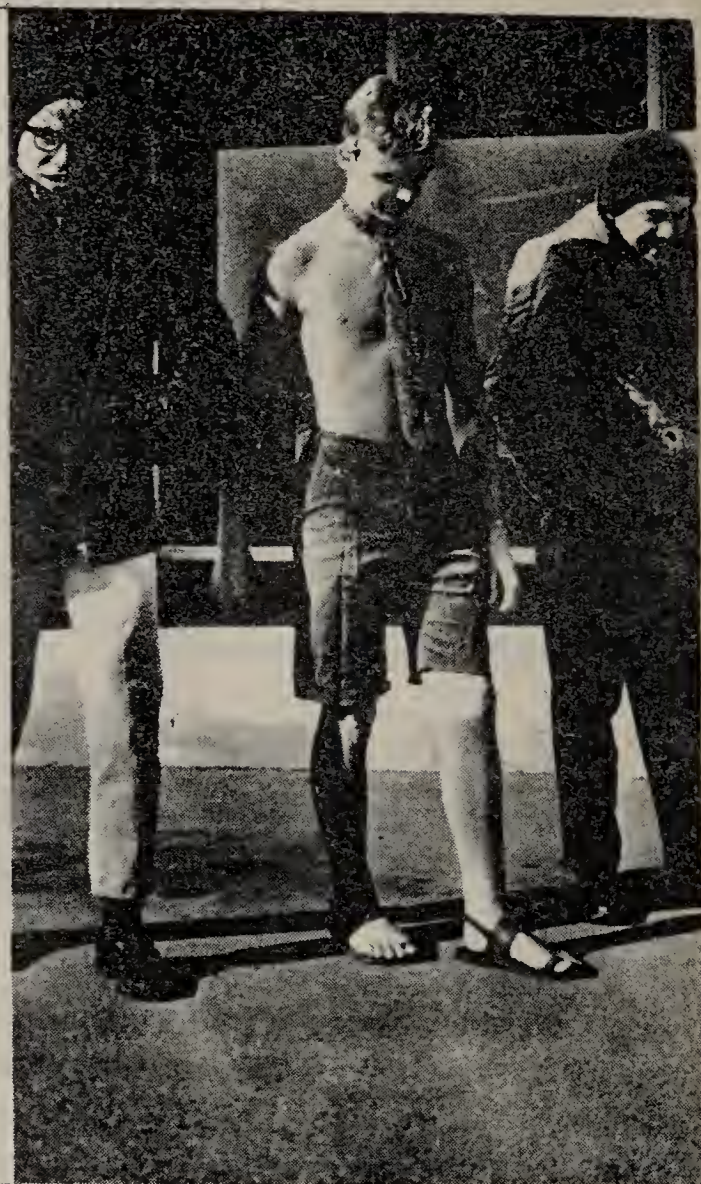
For some it was a painful conversion. The House Gang (Der Hausentrupp) collected overtime for renovating the Bishop's Room into a coffee shop and the Louisville Crowd (pronounced Luayul Crowd) never got to listen to

their favorite records. David "Mac Flecknoe" Kroger changed the name of his book to An Anthology of Trashy Teenage Poetry and Ed "the tow" Feicht stopped wearing his Athletics letter from Brunnerdale. By the time of the first History of Christian Antiquity test there was not a single Tilly in the whole THE NEW Xavier Hall, although there could still be a few in Christopher or Schwieterman Hall.

The preservation of this provincial branch of the Hippy Movement depends to a large extent on whether or not the fifth year class quits. It is hoped that at least two or three Freshmen stay the year, preferably not Werner, so that the sixth - years will always have someone to point to as a demonstration of how mature they are.

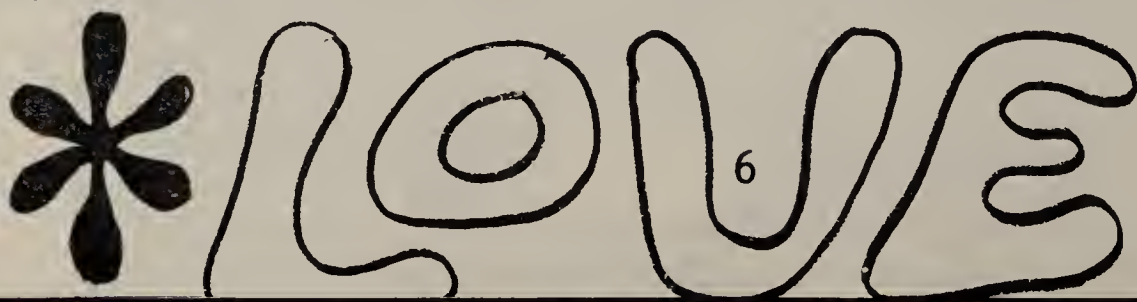
Though the rapid transition to a spiffier way of life left deep psychic scars on a goodly number of Xavier Hallites, these "youngie freshie folkie" discovered that the search for the good life demands not only always but every time sacrifice. For instance, Hoosiers lack many of the benefits enjoyed by

American citizens, but they do have two or more winters a year. A hippy-habited, mod Mongie, suavely swaddled in burlap Bermudas, regulation tie, and nude pedal extremities finds the frosty path to Math no treat to the feet. The Petal People may yearn for the comfort of a warm pair



of any color but white socks and an Elevator T-shirt, but they forgo these bodily comforts to embrace the self discipline and mental purity of The Way.

One criticism of the new



etc.etc.

...life ... from
 America's paranoistic out-
 look on filth. The capit-
 alistic controllers of
 Procter and Gamble would
 like to have the public be-
 lieve that all Hippies are

"children" find most con-
 soling: the opportunity to
 get turned arn. Most of
 the Xavier Potheads got
 started in the Brunnerdale
 infirmary. No one suspected
 that those cute, little,



dirty, unkempt, bedraggled,
 polluted, obscene and un-
 sanitary and that conse-
 quently they carry disease.
 This is only to a large
 extent true. These anti-
 septic antagonists should
 see the many Mongies that
 encircle the Pond-ro-mat
 every Tuesday and Thursday
 to pound clean their pano-
 ply with rocks and Berylla
 pads.

There is one advantage
 of hippy life that the

red pills, effective for
 colds, measles, foot-in-
 mouth, yellow fever, hepa-
 titus, bronchial pneumonia,
 monnin monoxide poisoning,
 and athlete's foot, were
 actually latently addictive.

These unintentional Pot-
 heads and the more extreme
 cases, the Pickleheads, are
 daily confronted by such
 bizarre illusions as would
 even throw a shudder into
 the immovable, unperturb-
 able frame of "The Rock."

A few of the Potties really ought to be turned arf; Rashaswipe Kaminsky, who always overestimates how much he can take, Gagahash Monnah, who gets turned on every morning during the epistle, and Archias Alba, who thinks he's a smoking guitar. The rest of the troops take their weeds with a little more moderation and find in



drugs an escape from the daily worry of whether or not there really is Windex in the blended fruit juice or if Charlie Meixner really plans to spring all the turkeys before Thanksgiving.

Occasionally the parties get out of hand and the Work Study Program suffers the next day, but that generally helps the community since it gives the pushers in the hall an opportunity to earn their tuition. This problem could be remedied at least in part

if Xeda Schmidtlapp would stop providing "Free Pot in the X" so the next afternoon the working forces could shoulder their burlap sacks, grasp their Kaan Sticks firmly in their hand-bones and business would be picking up.

All in all in all it looks as if The New Xavier Hall bears no resemblance to the old Xavier except it has the same people and the same building. But now it is attractive, if not to people at least to flies. Long live the new spirit of charity and liberality until



these hollowed walls crumble into dust or until after 50,000 years, whichever comes first.

The New Michael Ploetz

LETTERS

TO THE EDITOR

Dear Editor,

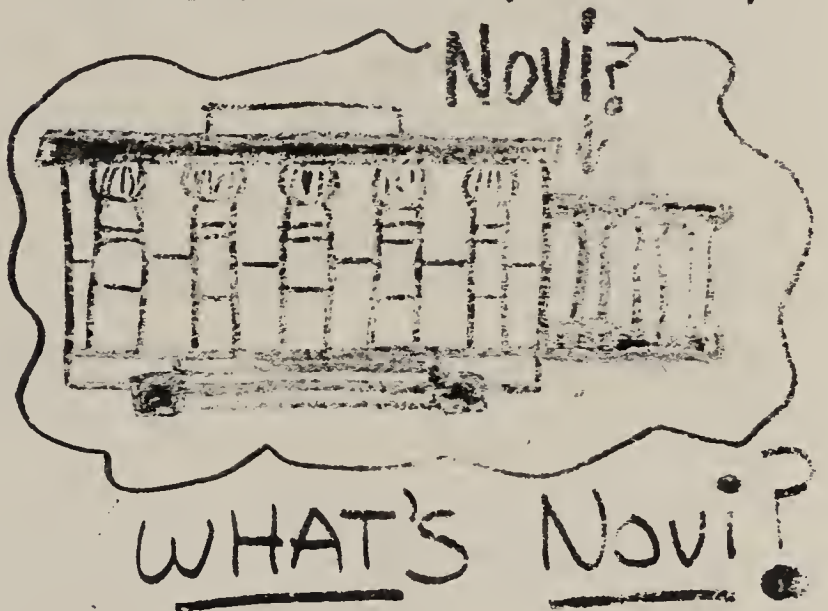
Quae cum ita sint, I would like to make a statement or two about the article in the last PULSE, that was called, Beware! Perfection Stifler, supposedly written by Gregory Seeler. First of all, it was an invasion of privacy on the name of a very prominent student, residing in Xavier Hall, without his knowledge what-so-ever. To put it mildly, it was sheer plagiarism. Exactly 91.66% of the above's name was plagiarized. Someone owes him a sincere plea of pardon. Secondly, you allowed this to be done, without any argument to the real writer to use his own name. How can we be sure that the other articles in the PULSE are not written by others, using pseudonyms? Could it be that the corruptness of the world is slowly leaking into Xavier Hall and its publication bureau?

Non dubito quin, the future issues of the PULSE will tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing

but the truth when it pertains to the names of the writers of its articles.

A dear friend of the prominent Xavier Hall student, Jerry Pitterpatter (S.M.)

...Actually, we shouldn't have printed this letter since the writer--whoever he is--has invaded 91.67% of the privacy of a not-so-prominent resident of Schwieterman Hall. Ed.



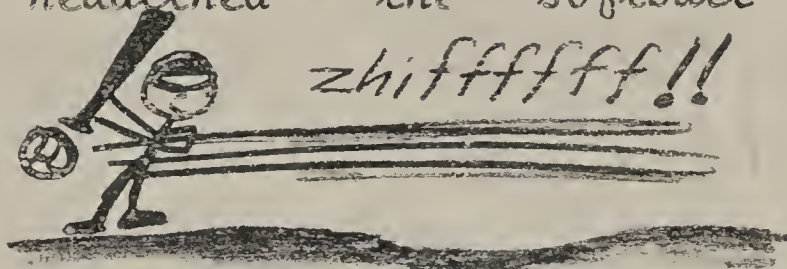
Dear Editor,

After many weeks of waiting, PULSE finally reached novi---after it had probably been read by all one of the postal employees in the big metropolis of Bucktown. You and your staff did a great job! Your cover was really ingenious, and most of your pictures turned out really well. From the Pig's Pen hasn't lost any of its spice, even though the name is new. Congratulations again! and keep up the good work,

Tim Hemm

dear ed,

congrats! it was with a great deal of delight that i flipped through the pages of PULSE. you and the staff have done a great job. however, there were several avoidable mistakes. for instance, the cincinnati Reds were not mentioned with the saint louis cards-an unforgiveable mistake considering who the sports editor is. the artist must have made a mistake on what he headlined "the softball



hall of fame." I just happen to know many of those ballplayers and the majority of them averaged together never struck out more than twice a season. it is heartening to see that master smith has finally begun to refer to himself as 'we' as evidenced in the last paragraph of his column, third line from the bottom, fifth word in that line. i always did think the plural 'did things for him.' it would be nice if you published a pic of patty pulse in the next issue. i read it from cover to cover and, pete, keep up the fine work!

brad UHLENHAK

...Thanks, guys. We're always happy to hear from people out in the world. Your letters gave us enough encouragement to put out this issue. Ed.

* * * * *

Dear Sir,

Enclosed is my contribution for a one year subscription to your fine magazine.

In view of the fact that we fathers clobbered the seminarians so convincingly in the 1967 father-son softball game, may I suggest that the seminarians be required to prove their worthiness to compete on the same field with their fathers by beating first all of the staff and then the mothers of the seminarians.

Incidentally, we fathers are seriously considering challenging the St. Louis Cardinals to determine who the real world champions are.

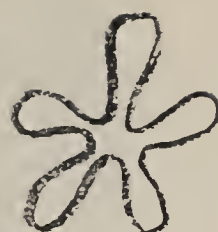
Sincerely,

Thomas J. Brown

Dear Mr. Brown,

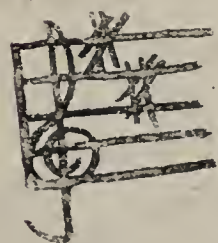
In a matter taken before the Xavier Hall Athletic Committee, the Seminarians were declared winners of the game because of the gross unsportsmanlike conduct of the fathers. Ed.

SURREALISTIC TIDBITS



from the
Haight-Ashbury Desk
in the 6th yr Study Hall

Hello again, peoples. Once again it is time to spread a few more stories about what is happening in Mongieville.



One of the highlights of the past month was the appearance of Spanky and Our Gang in the SJC Fieldhouse. This group originated from around New York and became known to the general public during the past year by some of their songs. The concert was very well received. The group can do many styles of music: pop, blues, and country and western. In the concert they performed many selections, but the ones exceptionally well done were "Suzanne," "The Echoes of My Mind," Spanky's solo in "Brother, Can You Spare a Dime?" and of course "Making Every Minute Count" and "Sunday Will Never Be the Same." Besides the music, the audience was also entertained by the showmanship of the group.

There was another concert on campus the past month, featuring The Town Criers, a folk singing group. I did not make it to this one, so if any Mongie thought it was good, write an article about it.



Saint Joseph's also hosted the production of Shakespeare's Comedy of Errors in the college auditorium. This was put on by the American Classical Theatre. Having never read a Shakespearian comedy, I was quite surprised by this production. After high school English, I thought that no one could enjoy Shakespeare, but I was mistaken. It was really an enjoyable production.

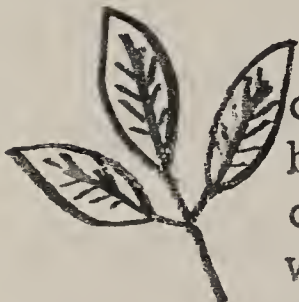


Bruce Catalano celebrated his first found-out-about birthday after four years in the seminary. He celebrated his natal day with a nice swim in the pond. Now that Bruce is 18, he will have to get his draft deferment because of his nose, which would probably get in the way in Viet Nam.

Chuck Fiely and Jack Sowar also celebrated birthdays recently with a swim. We made sure to throw in Chuck first so the water pollution wouldn't kill him.



The students of Xavier met with Fr. Robbins and Fr. Eilerman a while back to have the government loan policy explained. The whole affair was worked something like the Inquisition, but the priests held their ground under intense questioning. There was one good result. Now Pete King will take accounting along with Old Testament so he can be a scripture-quoting-treasurer when he gets big.



Speaking of scriptures, Christian Antiquities classes are coming along quite well. We have all bought our eight dollar book of which we will cover eighty pages. We have all found out that we do not have to learn the important things we take, as Jerry Schmidt so aptly put it, but should learn everything else. The test in the class showed good results with over half of the hall getting failing grades. Jim Ballmann has finally let everybody know what Midrash is; poison ivy on the abdomen.



Mongies no longer say the rosary publicly at night, but at our own liesure during the day. To replace this gap in the evening is a fifteen minute meditation period. It is great for developing will power, trying to stay awake. Even with the free NODOZ enclosed in our Campus Pacs, a few people are usually asleep in a few minutes, dragging their heads on the floor. Or maybe I am rash judging, and it is a new yoga position for meditating?!

(Cont. on next page)



d.m.u officers

(tidbits, cont.)

Of course we all know that Peter King won the World Series pool; he won't let us forget it. I would like to inform my mother, who was for St. Louis, that I also bet on St. Louis. Now, will I get in your will?



Those of you who have a devotion to St. Anthony, contact Bruce Catalano to see his miraculous statue. It seems that Bruce is very touchy about other people honouring the image, so to prevent its being stolen by the throngs of pilgrims, Bruce secured the statue to his chair with ropes. The statue was broken in two probably at the touch of someone with motives other than pious filiality, but due to the intercession of Bruce, the statue has miraculously been joined together. Once again it reigns over Bruce's overturned bookshelf.

The wapp of the month goes to our illustrious leader, Fr. McKay, who was so worn out with zeal in insisting that we be on time for Mass that he managed to be fifteen minutes late one day.

This is all the latest from Xavier Hall. My final word of advice is, plan ahead. Take out your government loan NOW for next semester's church history text book. Remember, man does not live by flower power alone, but by every word which comes from the mouth of

Michel Craig

This Side of the Fence

As I sit contemplating how to begin this article, I remember just how hectic Fridays always seemed to be last year. I invariably managed to have only one class on Fridays, but always had so much to do that I just couldn't get it done. The evenings were always the same. I usually played cards or went drinking with the crowd on the weekends that we didn't have mixers.

The weekends are a little different this year because I don't have the freedom of doing anything I please. For instance, on Friday and Saturday afternoons I work three hours, whereas last year, if I didn't go home, I slept, participated in a ball game or just watched television.

The time is better planned this year. The

study time is much more necessary in the evening. In general, a lot of time was wasted on boredom last year, while all the time has to be well spent in order to accomplish anything this year.

I must say I am much happier as a seminarian with our everyday routine. I'll grant that as a secular I thought the mongies had it made because the priests gave them a break in studies; now, however, my feelings have changed.

I sincerely think that the life of a mongie is little different from that of a freshman secular insofar as our study time, rules, and bed time. I am just thankful to be on this side of the fence and considered a full-blooded Mongie.

Mike Pothast

THE "HARD GUY" Hall of FAME

LARRY CONVERRY J.B.
Journey O'Reilly
Q. Rodale Q. Troelich
C. Robbins S. Martoch
T. Schmelzer
T. Tossun Jim Langenkamp

trappers club

W A N T E D !

DEAD OR ALIVE! \$3.00 REWARD

"RED" FOX, ALIAS "SILVER", AND HIS BROTHER "GRAY"

Back in the lawless days of Xavier Hall, Mongies would stop at nothing short of blood to make money they could spend at the "X" or the bookstore. After a while they wouldn't even let that stop them, and the bounty hunters came to be. For a fistful of dollars they relentlessly and systematically tracked down foxes all over Jasper County. But the bounty was only \$3.00 for a pair of ears, so for a few dollars more they started to skin the beasts. They were always known as the Bounty Hunters, though, until Smurd arrived at the scene. He figured they ought to be called the Trappers' Club since they always used traps and they trapped about anything, bounty or not.



This year the trappers are Frank Pritz, (Great White Trapper, or president) Jack Sowar, Mike Smith, Jim Burnett, Al Kaminsky, Terry lothamer, Dave Kaiser, Mike Pothast, Mike Bischoff, and Dave Monastyrski. They have formed scouting parties in advance of the season, which starts around November 12, to see what the year might bring. Muskrats don't seem to be too plentiful but in some areas the signs are excellent. It could well be a good year for racoons and at least a fair one for foxes. There's even a chance for some minks. But the possibility of a few beaver pelts this year is what the club's looking forward to most of all.

Until the fur gets prime with the cold weather, the club will be busy planning so they'll have a relatively smooth operation. Now is the time for anticipating the



mistakes of previous years, especially of the B-dale organization. The new members buy what equipment they'll need, and the club orders enough lure to start with. The traps have to be dyed and covered with wax, too, before they'll fool many foxes, 'coons, or beavers.

The biggest obstacle for having a good season will be the same problem all the mongies are facing--lack of time. The car will be a big help, and also the larger number of members, but no one will be able to go out as often as he'd like.

It all points to a good year for trapping, though: plenty of challenge, yet a good possibility of reward.

Dave Monastyrski

DID YOU
KNOW...



...That back in 1949 there was a monthly newspaper The Express? Here are some excerpts.

"At 8:07 AM: 'My-eyes-just-won't-stay-open! Sattler proves to astonished observers that Galileo was correct in stating that a gallon of Niekamp primer will precipitate floorward at the rate of 16.32 ft. per sec."

"Chalk this up against great Mike Lizza. Even for a five dollar reward he couldn't outwit the ground mole directly south of chapel. Suddenly now the mole has disappeared. Evidence points to a Cueball. Reward: an extra juicy sardine on Friday."

"Syllogism.....After an argument in which he got the worst end, Fitzgerald (not our Bob) was heard to say: "I'll admit I'm not always right, but I'm never wrong."

"Spring Training. For a while it was thought that Uncle Nube Adelman was extending his spring training program to the refectory. Not all agree that he dropped the rector's food tray accidentally."

"Has a speech for every occasion....says he don't rightly know.....loyal alumnus of J.C.....wants to be another Earnie Lombardi.....he's wanted to learn how to swim ever since he heard of water wings....commonly confused with the other Digger and St. Gonzaga....Franklin Aloysius O'Dell."

FROM THE

PIG'S PEN

The writers of this column are very happy now. But readers, please forgive us. Because of our malicious actions we have delayed PULSE more than a week. Our editor had to be taught a lesson, and alas, you, the readers, have suffered from our selfish satisfaction. Only the compassion we had for your yearning of the PULSE ended our "writing-strike." Many of you may be wondering about the new addition to the Pig's Pen. It so happens that a few weeks ago one of the pigs pulled out. Even though the immediate effect was a cleaner pen there was a certain loneliness without the dirt and odor which usually surrounded me. Therefore, to brighten the atmosphere of the Pen, our editor (your hero and not mine) employed Hippie Seely to spread the art of happiness, which has lost its meaning in today's world. With this brief introduction, let us proceed into the hidden world of Xavier Hall.

John Hloying, as many of you know, has an uncle who is a Brother in our Society. John's uncle has taken quite an interest in him and has made it clear to him that he should write whenever possible, just to let him know how things are going. To exemplify his desires, John's uncle presented to him an official Brunnerdale pen last Christmas. With such a gift available John only thought it right to commence correspondence with Brother. Each night, however, John runs to the mail call anticipating a letter from his uncle, only to find nothing there. The anguish

which John experiences is beyond description. Please Brother, if you don't have a pen, we from the PULSE staff will gladly send you one.

In our quest for deeper intellectual progress here at Xavier Hall, we have asked one of our most respected intellects, Bill Stechshulte, in two separate interviews, to expound on the deficiencies of study habits. Bill's qualifications are as follows: Phi Eta Sigma, Olympic Canasta Team, and Varsity Barber.



October 20, 1966

Reporter: Bill, what do you feel is the main flaw in Mongie study habits?

Bill: I feel that many have failed to make the transition to the pursuit of intellectual satisfaction.

Rep.: Yes, Bill, but how is this manifested?

Bill: Goodness, that's quite simple. Look at all those lamebrains who get up every morning around 4 o'clock to study. This isn't from love

of the intellectual life either! I'm carrying a 38 hour load, and through my study habits which I perfected when I was four years old I have found the allotted time for study periods to be quite sufficient.

Rep.: Thank you. Bill.

October 20, 1967

Reporter: Bill, how has the pursuit of intellectual satisfaction progressed over the past year?

Bill: It's definitely getting worse!

Rep.: But how is that?

Bill: Look at all those lamebrains sitting around us. All they do is study until the bell rings for its conclusion.

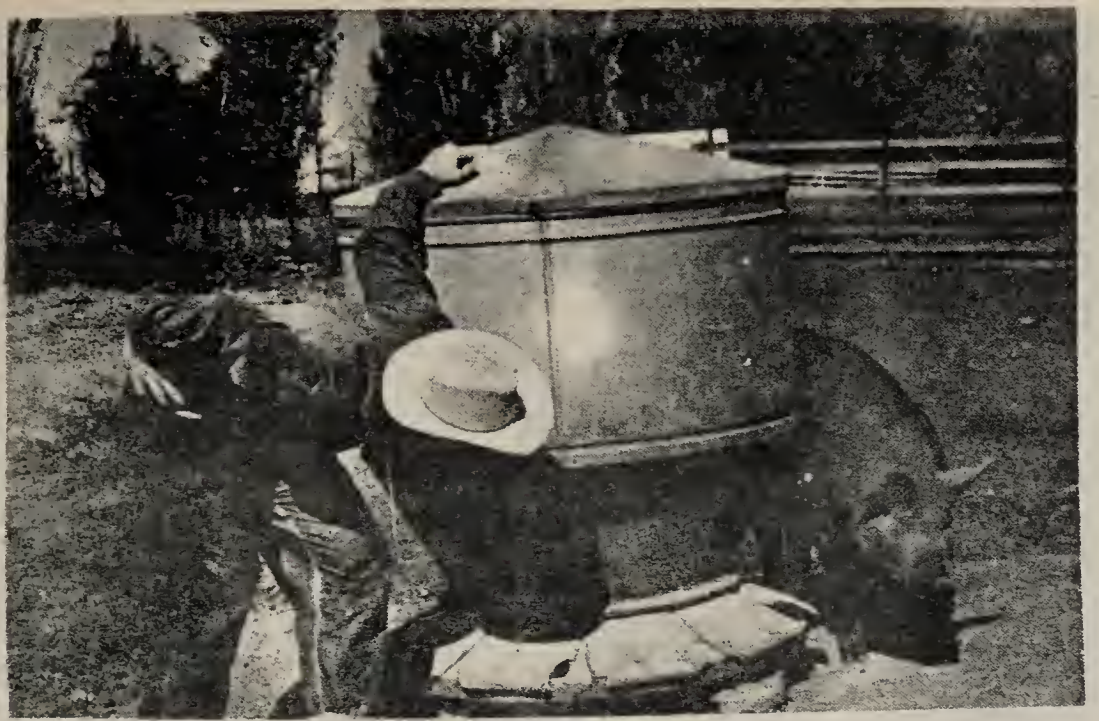
Rep.: What's wrong with that?

Bill: I'm carrying a 22 hour load and I find it necessary to get up every morning at 4 o'clock. There is definitely a lack of interest in the intellectual life that no one besides me gets up every morning.

Rep.: Well, thank you once again, Bill!

The saying, "There's more there than meets the eye," has been proven truthful for the 5th years in Xavier Hall. A promin-

"Pig" with Friend



ent, most popular, (almost psychedelic type) member of the 5th year class who looks as innocent as a newborn seminarian, is "in his own right, a leader of "THE GANG." I'm talking of no one other than Mr. Jeffery Ahrndt Werner, commonly known as "THE LEADER" among the entire teenybopping population in the thriving metropolis of Delaware, Ohio. Not too much is known about his private organization, but with a little twist of his arm, I found out that there were girls under his power. Underneath that simple face with the subtle smile of pretending to like everyone Jeff is really a hard-nosed girl-swooning, slave-driving delinquent.


MONNIN'S "GAG" BAG:

The 6th year class would like to thank Daniel Monnin on his fine performance in chapel. But in the future, please give us some kind of warning of what is to come!!

COOL THING OF THE MONTH: Peter King (who else) in a recent Greek exam successfully declined the word for "one" in the plural.

It seems that many super-Mongies, Mongies, and Brother Postulants have 8 o'clock classes this year. In the past this would not have presented much of a problem, but this year with a new schedule, Mass starts at 6:30, and this usually cuts down on the breakfast bull-sessions, and last minute crams very popular in a collegian's life. However, a new factor has arisen to stunt the time for such activities even further. Mr. Blackney, a fine musician whose ambition in life is the increased appreciation of "beautiful music," has taken upon himself the self-appointed job of tutoring all of us, and also keeping us back a few minutes more, in the appreciation of Church Music. Upon his completion of a 10
(Cont. on Page 34)

hippie happening

P J U N I O H A P P E N I N G T M
S O G P T M A C R O B I O T I C O
Y S O I Y F I S T J O S E P H S B
C Y L S D L G I N S B E R G A I Y
H N D I N O H  T O G F R N N G
E A E O C W T P D I I A D D R
D N N A P E A C E J J N L T R I A
E O G T O R S T O K O C L E A A P
L N A C T L H I P P I E M F V N E
I O T E K E B P L U N N O U I P W
C Z E N Y A U L A M T S R L O V E
O E P C F R R A V A C E E D F A D
B E A D S Y Y O G I Y A N E T I N
A A R A I R P L A N E T U A C I D
T I D R I S H N A C F O O D E A S

Since hippies are so popular throughout the United States, this puzzle was made up to see how you stand on knowing about them and their practices. In the puzzle, there are 29 answers to the questions below it. All answers are either vertical or horizontal. (None are diagonal.) Try your luck, and see how many you know. Circle the correct answer. Don't worry about the sign in the middle. It's a sign that is used for peace. Answers will be printed in the next issue.

by Greg "the Experience" Seely



ANSWERS



(Example: most popular college in the city of Rensselaer, Indiana)

1. Type of culture that influenced hippies
2. Second most popular psychedelic hippie group
3. Auditorium used for hippie groups and light shows
4. Capital of Psychedelphia (two words)
5. Meditation used by hippies
6. "This is my friend..."
7. Second Person of Hindu Trinity
8. Virtuoso of Sitar
9. Term used to start off hippism
10. Location of major hippie Happenings
11. Person who wants love and peace
12. Type of foods eaten to purify the body
13. Substance given to the hippies free by the Diggers

14. More common name of LSD
15. Most popular of all hippie groups
16. Objects worn by hippies
17. Main objectives of hippies (two words)
18. Buddhist religion practiced by hippies
19. Abbreviation for hippie actors on stage (similar to Players' Guild)
20. Main drug used by hippies
21. Hippie Poet Laureate
22. A festival where anyone does what he wants
23. National group which helps hippies and addicts
24. Slang for marijuana
25. Symbol of love
26. Person who started LSD rage
27. Freak-out drug that lasts for three days
28. Marijuana cigarette
29. Used at Love-Ins for purification before and after

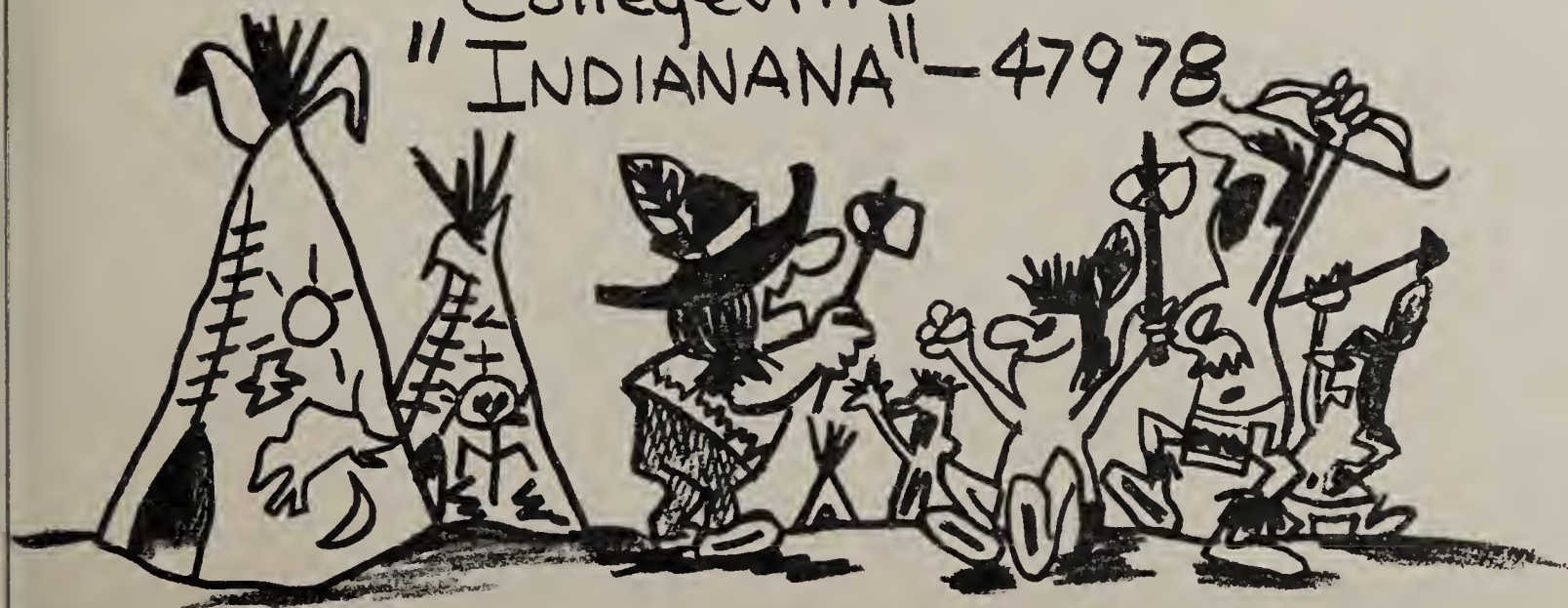
How-about-you-writum-us

PULSE

SJC-Xavier

Collegeville

"INDIANANA"-47978





SPORTS

by Jim Langerkamp

Mongies Show

— Great Spirit —

Xavier Hall participants in the IM Cross Country event this year more than doubled the entries from the entire campus. This is typical of the fine spirit the hall has been displaying this year.

The Mongies' hope of attaining first place rested upon Fred Hofstetter. Fred did a fine bit of running and showed a real competitive spirit by finishing a close second. Leon Monnin did well enough to earn himself a well-deserved 4th place. Other Mongies finishing near the top were: Brother Arnie, Brown, Dan Monnin, Malatesta, Pothast, Pritz, Lothamer, McBride, Kaminsky, and Winter.

The Mongies were also well represented in the IM football skills. They included place kicking and field goal accuracy, punting distance, a throw for accuracy and a heave for distance.

Tom Brown turned in an excellent job in these events. He won the throw for accuracy by compiling a score of nine out of a possible fifteen. He also finished third in the extra points kicking event.

Although not doing as well as Tom, a large number of Mongies represented Xavier in each of the five events. Thanks again to all who participated and helped bring Xavier another step closer to the IM Trophy Crown.



DIGGERS
were surprising
with a 6-1
RECORD, BUT
THE OTHER TEAMS
just didn't
HAVE THE
PERSONNEL
to get the
job DONE

Xavier's second football team compiled an unblemished record in league play which earned them a birth in the tourney. Jerry Schmidt captained the Diggers and led them to an excellent 5-0 league record.

Two shaky wins for the Diggers verified the team's capability. Dave Kaiser's safety provided the winning margin in one game, while a yard gained during

a sudden-death overtime accounted for the difference in another.

The Diggers opened tournament play against the W. Seifert Blues. After getting off to a slow start the Diggers came to life on an intercepted pass by Vondrell which placed the ball on the Blues' ten yard line. Schmidt wasted no time in capitalizing by hitting Moser for the TD. The blues struck back in the fourth quarter with a double pass, which was completed for a score. The try for extra point was blocked by Field. This 8-6 victory earned the Diggers a shot at the Super-Mongies in their next game.

After a scoreless first quarter, the Super-Mongies put six points on their side midway through the second period. The game continued to be a defensive battle as neither team could establish an offensive threat. With less than two minutes left, the Super-Mongies added a final TD for a 12-0 victory.

A perfect season was marred by this final loss, but it was certainly no disgrace to go down to the fine Super-Mongie team. It was truly a great season, Diggers! Each player did a fine job in contributing to the team's success.

Top: Xavier Killers, Won 0, Lost 5; Middle, Xavier Wipe outs, won 1, Lost 5; Opposite: Xavier Diggers, Won 6, Lost 1.

MONGIES TAKE CHAMPIONSHIP

Organization, precision and confidence are the wheels of success on any championship team. The Xavier Mongies were no exception. Contested only in the initial game, the Mongies reeled off ten consecutive wins to earn them the IM Football Championship with those words supplying the impetus for the entire season.

After six straight league wins, the Mongies were ready to contest their strength in tournament play. Langenkamp's interception was taken the length of the field behind a great block by Lothamer for a TD against Aquinas in the first game. Catalano proceeded to pick the Raider defense apart, while the Xavier defense hauled

down five more interceptions. The final score was a convincing 36-6 victory.

Game two developed into a fierce defensive battle as the Xavier offensive unit stalled momentarily. Near the end of the third quarter, a sleeper play to Lothamer brought the Mongies to the Merlini 7 yard line. Catalano then zeroed a perfect pass to Langenkamp to break the ice. Bornhorst added the extra point. In the fourth quarter Bornhorst caught a Catalano pass to set up a TD pass to Pritz. The defense held and the Mongies pulled out a tough 13-0 win.

The semi-final game hardly contested the ability of the Mongies. Malatesta put Xavier in front for keeps with a TD on an



interception. The Xavier defense continued its rampage with several intercepted passes and two safeties. Catalano took care of the rest by adding to the Xavier total with some fine passes. The final score was 30-0, and on to the finals.

The Mongies' opponents for the championship game were the Schweiterman Super Mongies. The game was played in gusting winds and a constant rain, hardly ideal conditions. Stan Malatesta intercepted a Monnin pass early in the game, but the offensive unit failed in its first attempt. After an exchange of downs, the Mongies began to roll as Bruce Catalano hit Pritz for a thirty yard gain. He followed with a fifteen yard TD pass to Nartker. Bornhorst added two extra points. The first quarter ended with no more serious threats and the Mongies leading, 8-0.

The second quarter opened with a Super-Mongie interception by Hiegel. Still failing to accumulate an offensive drive, the older Mongies were forced to punt. On the move again, Nartker found himself clear for a 25 yard advance. Pritz followed with a sensational one-handed touchdown catch.

With the start of the second half came more wind and rain. On a punt, a high hike from center sailed over Hiegel's head and Kaminsky recovered in the end zone to add six more points to Xavier's cause.



Again trying to move against the strong wind, the Major-Mongies failed. Kaminsky recovered another fumble, this time on the Schweiterman eight. But the Super-Mongies came to life and halted the Mongie attack on the two.

They took over there and, except for an earlier interference call, got their first 1st down on a

twenty yard pass play to Stith. But Stan Malatesta intercepted to stop them momentarily.

On the attack again, Monnin unloaded a long pass to Larry Gowney, which carried to the two yard line. Big John Srode caught a short flip on the next play.

Toward the end, a bad

hike from center was recovered by Srode on the Xavier one foot line. A run up the middle provided the final tally of the day, as the game ended, 20-12.

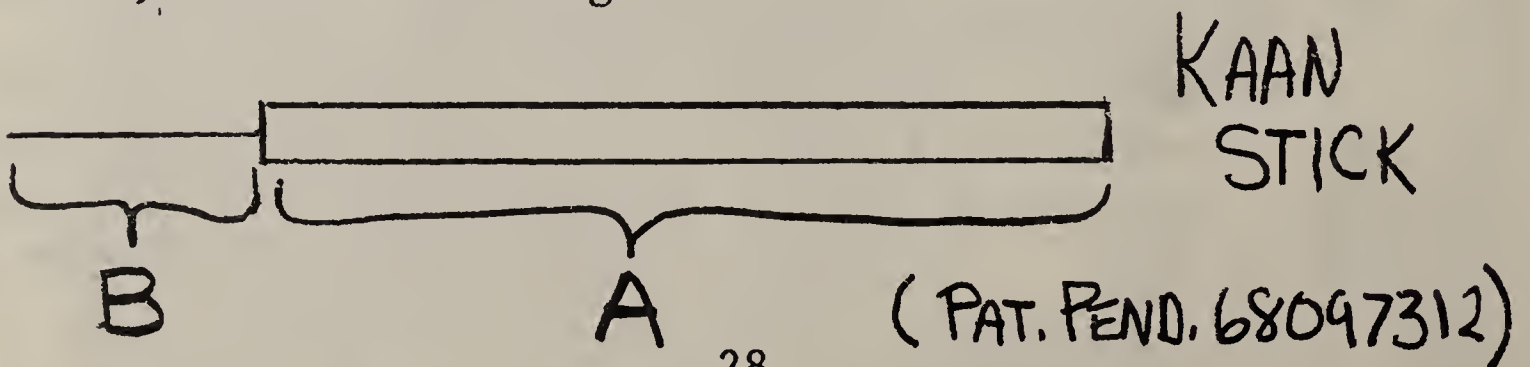
No single factor can be pointed to as the key to the championship. It was certainly a team victory. What can I say, except it's great to be a winner!

WILY WIZARD

inhabits sjc

We are all acquainted with outstanding inventions and their inventors, such as Bell's telie, or Edison's washing machine, but it is seldom that we can get the chance to rub shoulders with such famous men. However, right here, under our noses, on St. Joe's campus there lives an inventor, perhaps not quite as renowned, who has given science a long awaited chance to shine once again. At his laboratory, located on campus, in the Kaan Institute of Technology, Mr. Kaan and his able bodied assistant, Professor B. Ford Kool, Ph.D., have produced their latest innovation, the Kaan (pronounced Con) Stick. This small and seemingly insignificant stride has been hailed by men of scientific repute. The Kaan Stick is basically very simple, its function is simple, and since it is so basic it dumbfounds me why it hasn't been discovered sooner. Why it's almost as fundamentally important as fire!

To give you avid readers a better picture of the Kaan Stick, consult the diagram below.





As you can see, the handle (A) consists of hand polished and hard carved mahogany from the forests of Burma. If the mahogany cannot be obtained from Burma, then a couple scavengers search the dump for a few scraps of wood. The next component (B) is finest quality carbide steel equipped with an indestructible synthetic diamond tip (this (B) is also commonly known as a nail). The average length is 3' 11¼ mm., but this varies between a right handed Kaan Stick and a left handed Kaan Stick. Although this delightful little bundle of ingenuity is simple, it can serve various functions for the user. It's diamond tip allows it to penetrate old or new beer cans which may be found along the roads. Obviously it can also snatch paper with ease. In over 100 colleges that tested the Kaan Sticks, only 5% found it useless. Of this 5%, half were uninterested, the other half couldn't use it due to lack of training.

I tried to obtain an exclusive interview with either Mr. Kaan or his able bodied assistant, but at the time they were celebrating the success of their new invention.

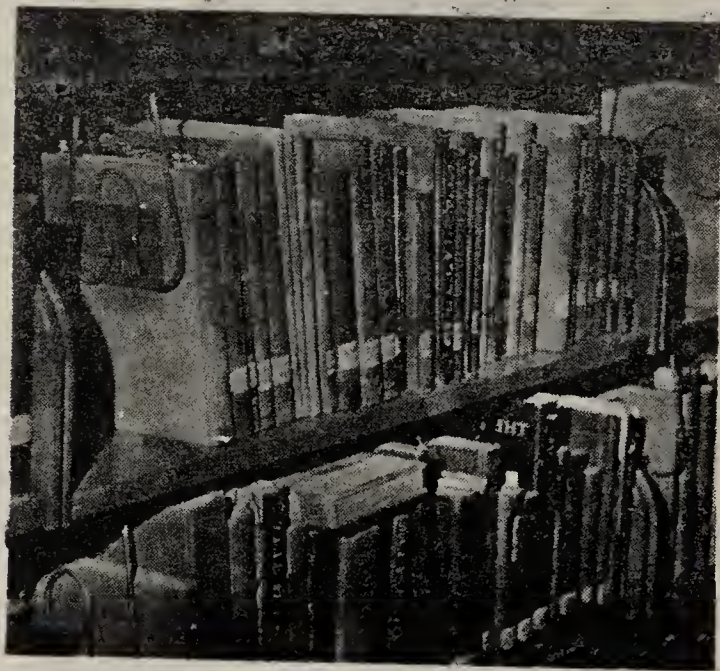
Bruce Catalano

FR. McCabe Plans Changes

BIG

I'm asking you to stop and think for just a few moments on our present college library and the job it takes to keep it functioning at a proper level. This may seem a bit odd, since many people take libraries for granted.

At first appearances our present ~~library~~ doesn't quite seem to match up to our ideas of what a private



Catholic library would look like. However, physical appearances don't make the library completely. There is a tight set of systems and bookkeeping that goes into every library in order for it to give us its best.

As many of you know, the man in charge here is Fr. James McCabe. It seems that

he was destined to become a librarian, not only because he worked in the bindery as a seminarian, but because he never even dreamed of being a librarian. ~~After~~ teaching sociology at St. Charles for two years, and looking forward to getting his M.A. in that subject, he was approached with the idea of becoming a librarian. First impact was amazement! His second, "Do I have to?" Of course the reply was something like, "It's highly recommended." So off to the Catholic University he went to take courses in library science.

Presently Father is the head of the libraries at St. Charles, St. Joe's and at the Calumet Campus. He has also won the appointment of archivist of the province.

This may not seem like much, but let's look at the whole picture. Fr. McCabe is constantly running to and from St. Charles. He must keep track of 40,000 books on our campus, plus the 6,000 new books and 1,200 periodicals that come in every year. Also, he is directing a major change from the Dewey Decimal system in favor of the Library of Congress system,

which he hopes to have in use sometime after Christmas vacation. One of his biggest concerns, which has taken a lot of time in the past two years, is his planning for our new library. Here are some of the things that Father has lined up for it.

As far as size goes, there will be about 250,000 books (compared to 150,000 now) and about 10,000 reels of micro-film (compared to 2,000 now). It is to be air-conditioned and carpeted. The total seating will

be near 600, of which 75% will be individual study chairs. There will be room for 175 at the tables in the reference room. The actual building program is now at a stage where it can be handed over to an architect for the drawing up of the blueprints. The approximate cost for such a building would be about 2½ million dollars. So you can guess what is still needed. "Yes, we're always looking for donors!" says Father.

Stan Malatesta

What's New With **CHRISTOPHER** ?

Rumors about the Novitiate have been flying these past few weeks. The 6th Year BP's have found out from official sources that they are going to the Novi. Where the Novi is going to be held is still up in the air. This decision will be based on the Mongie-Novu decision. You can rest assured that the decision will be based on what is most spiritually beneficial and practical for the BP's and Mongies.

Now let's get off the serious side.

We have discovered a hidden talent among us. A poet and prophet of our times has come to Christopher Hall. This poet-prophet wishes to remain anonymous for the time being for reasons unknown. I have persuaded this great mystic of our time to give us some of his words of wisdom and prophesy. So put on your dark shades and beret and come into the dark coffee house. Be careful not to get your beard in the Java. Now listen to the poet-prophet of Christopher Hall. Speak to us and tell us of the future.

Before me I see a pine tree with many limbs of different length. It takes its place among the rest.

Like many who must go to war this pine tree must fight for life. To live or die by the hands of man.

Some go because of call and some go because of want.

Some to never take their place again.

Few I know of those who died to remember as I span the time of life to help me live a better life.

For a friend of mine has died,

His branches spread no more. For his span has ended,

His tree has died.

Tell us more, O Great Knower of knowledge.

I saw a path leading from the road.

I took the time to follow it. The creek was full of moss-covered rocks, the water polluted with blackness thick and breathless. The trees high above taking away the light; the weeds like stick people opposing me as I walked the path; their smell obnoxious; their bodies gripping, pulling, biting; their fangs going deep till show of red.

Then I left them behind to die as I stepped back upon the blacktop road.

Some will die.

Some will be jailed

Some will waste away.

Some will live.

Choose now, when the lights go out your (Some will) is gone.

And what of the world?

O you foolish people!

Pain, disease, death

You want it all, then ask for more.

The world will never settle for peace.

They want to go the hard way.

There's only one way for us to change and it has to be big and for all.

If it's our own weapons, the change could be too big.

What makes you think this way? Tell us of Christopher Hall.

It's covered by a gray slate roof.
It's contained by old red brick.
Its senses are of whiter windows.
Its memory is of small tall rooms.
Its pathways are covered with thick clear wax.
It's heated with the thrust of steam.
Its chimneys are of no more use.
It's alive because of the life within.
It's old and covered by a gray slate roof.

Let us now leave this Den of Knowledge and ponder what has been said. What can we say but, "OOH, YOU WIERD!!"

Richard Wise

COMING SOON

Planning a Party
Banquet, Meeting?

No Party
Too LARGE or
Too small

PATRONIZE
YE OLDE "X"
DELICATESSEN

"Two miles east of
Historic Irquois
River."

Nov. 8: Abbey Singers, 8:15
Auditorium

Nov. 16: SJC Band Concert,
8:00, Auditorium

Nov. 23: Thanksgiving, No
Classes, Turkey
Bowl

Nov. 24 & 25: No Classes

Dec. 1 & 2: Columbian Play-
ers Production,
8:00, Auditorium

Dec. 5: Basketball, Pumas
vs. Mich. Luth-
eran.

Dec. 8: Feast of Immaculate
Conception, No
Classes

Dec. 9: Basketball, Pumas
vs. Cal. State

(Pig's Pen, Cont.)

minute solo the other day, which by the way hindered the progress of morning prayers and breakfast, I interviewed Mr. Blackney who had this to say, "I think that all the seminarians and Brother Postulants should consider it a privilege to listen to beautiful music, even if they are late for an eight o'clock class!"

Here are a couple of commonly heard sayings around Xavier Hall these last few weeks:

Sartor: "Where's Jack?"

Sowar: "Where's Doug?"

Nieberding: "You got a cigarette?"

Anyone: "Yes, but it's my last."

Nieberding: "That's okay, I'll take it anyway."

Elliot: "Give me half, Ed."

Kroger: "My 'B' is better than your 'B', Longsworth!"

Fortman: "Shake, rattle, and roll."

Charles Foote Fiely can be described as a sports enthusiast. Whether Donnie May of the highly ranked Dayton Flyers is playing golf, or Andy Livingston is watching T.V., Chuck is always there to sneak a peek at these sports celebrities. Chuck literally "falls" at the chance to meet these most sought after men of the playing field. Quite recently Bart Terry Catalano came into the limelight as St. Joe's I.M. passing star. Chuck, even though he has known Mr. Catalano for several years, was just "fainting to get a peek at him from a different angle.

(Cont. on Next Page)

Once again I have a lot of people to thank for lending me a helping hand. Thanks especially to Brother Philip and Fathers Spanbauer and Kissner for the generous loan of their equipment so that I could be operated on. Also thanks to all who helped type me, proof-read me, fold me and staple me. Special congratulations to the fifth-year class for electing such a nice boy as Steve Nett to be my editor next year.

Yours in the PP.S.,
Patty PULSE

PIG'S PEN CONT.

An Open Letter To Our Readers (?)

I would like to give a short explanation of the supposedly called "humor" found in the preceeding sentences. Many of our current readers are detached from the everyday life of seminary living, and many times cannot seem to comprehend the intent of what is said. By no means are the stories related above pointed at the derogatory exposition of someone's personality traits. Rather, these are incidents which present themselves everyday and add to the light-heartedness of community living. Many of the stories are exaggerated only to the degree that the humor of the situation can be brought out more profoundly. If Billy, Joe, Bob, or Jim has been mentioned above, he happens to be one of many, who transforms the humdrum life of the seminary into a pleasurable and exciting experience.

Mike Smith
Greg Seely

THANKS for the
HALLOWEEN
PARTY 5TH YRS.

THE 6TH Yr. CLASS

IN THE NEXT THRILL PACKED ★ ISSUE ★

A Comprehensive (?) story
by T. P. Brown

Bill Stechschulte answers any questions on high society you might have. Please put letters on his desk and they will be answered infallibly in the next PULSE.

Plus a big Christmas package.

Would you BELIEVE
Stek the "Varsity Boy"
wears a 15¢ straw
HAT?

THANKS TO ALL WHO
SENT IN CONTRIBUTIONS
TO PULSE. THEY ARE
GREATLY APPRECIATED

OUR MOTTO as we
go down the
winning IM
TRAIL
MONGIE
MUSH!

we were really hard
up for a filler

